

# Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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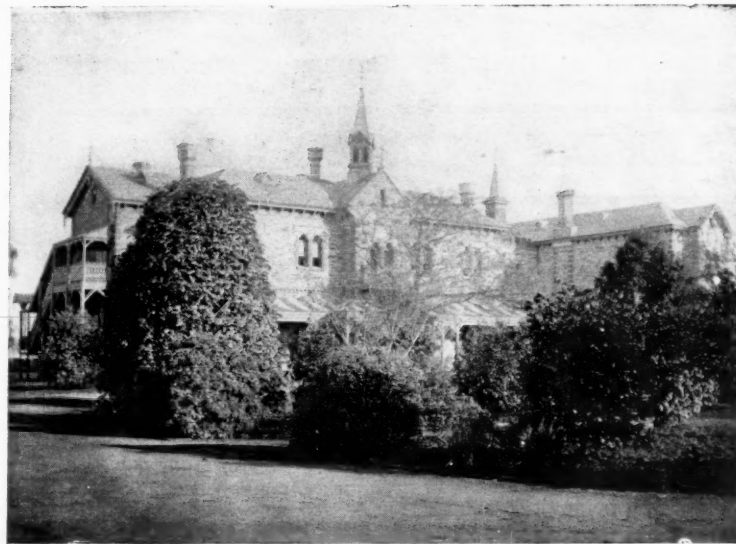
TRENTON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1901.

5 CENTS A COPY

## The South Australian Institution, Brighton, South Australia.

IF the excellence of a school for the deaf depends upon the beauty of its surroundings, the South Australian Institution might well claim proud pre-eminence. Situated within a stone's throw of placid Gulf St. Vincent, with the purple peaks of the Mount Lofty Ranges bounding the eastern and southern horizon, the picturesqueness of its environs could scarcely be surpassed. Adelaide, the capital of the State, is easily accessible, and thus the charms of a country life can be enjoyed, without entire banishment from the conveniences of the city.

The school has been in existence for a quarter of a century, and has now on its rolls some half a hundred pupils. The system of education pursued is the Combined, signing being reduced to a minimum. The teaching of speech has been carried on for many years,



MAIN BUILDING.

cure our graduates.

Every school points with pride to those of its "old boys" who are a special credit to their *alma mater*. The graduates of this school are scattered over half a continent, from Perth to Broken Hill, and almost without exception, are doing splendidly. Special pride is felt in the career of one of our graduates, who though still a very young man, has made his mark as the manager of a large butter and cheese factory and dairy farm. This gentleman has several times defeated the whole State in the dairying section at the Royal Agricultural Shows in Adelaide and other centres.

The success of any school depends mainly on the energy and ability of its head, and the progress of the South Australian School is in a great measure due to the capability and experience of Mr. Samuel Johnson, the Superintendent. When,



BEACH ROAD.



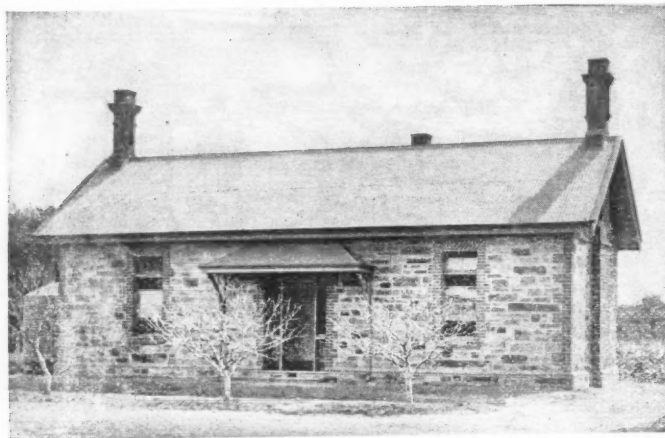
MEMBERS OF CLASS IV.

and with a fair amount of success. Industrial training is given, not with a view of fitting the boys for those particular trades which are taught, (for the comparative shortness of the period of instruction is against this) but in order to give the hand and eye that

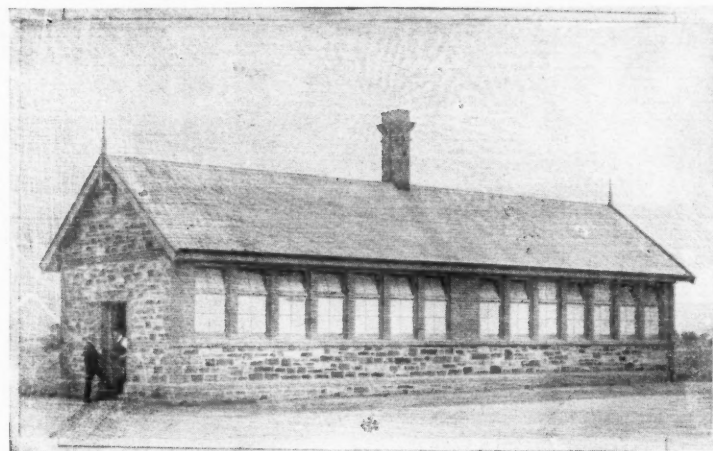
training which is necessary to ensure success in any trade that may be subsequently followed. That this result is achieved, is proved by the fact that our boys find no difficulty in securing employment. In fact, enquiries are often made by employers who are anxious to se-

some two or three years ago, Gallaudet College added Mr. Johnson's name to its list of graduates, it was acknowledged on all hands that the honor was richly deserved, and was a compliment not only to him, but to Australia as a whole.

HAROLD V. GREGORY.



INFIRMARY.



WORK-SHOP.

*Silent Worker Eng.*

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF.

## The Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission of Australia.

THE annual meeting of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, and the Parafield Home for aged and infirm deaf mutes, was held at the Deaf and Dumb Church, Wright street, on Thursday evening, October 31, Mr. C. H. Goode presiding over a large attendance.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said Mr. J. H. Angas had again shown his generosity to the institution, as he did, indeed, to all who were sick and afflicted, by giving them 280 acres of good land at Parafield. The committee wanted to increase the building accommodation at Parafield, and he hoped to be able to induce some of his wealthy friends to assist them in this respect. He complimented Mr. Johnson, the superintendent of the Brighton Asylum, for the interest he had shown in the Parafield institution.

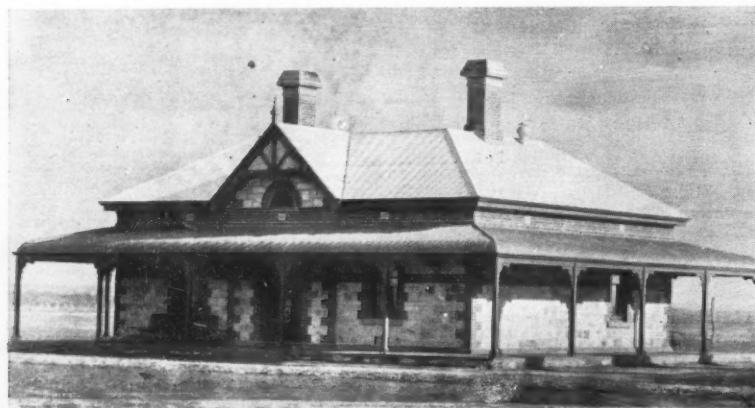
Mr. C. H. Martin seconded the motion, which was carried.

The report stated that: "Steady and satisfactory improvement can be discerned in every department of the society's work. Adult deaf-mutes in all parts of the State and in Broken Hill are regularly visited by agents of the society. There are 68 deaf-mutes connected with the church in Wright-street, 44 being communicants. Services are held in the morning and evening in the Wright-street Church, and on Sunday evenings at Parafield Home. The average attendance of deaf-mutes at the Sunday services is 49. There are societies for deaf and dumb young men and young women. A library and a number of illustrated papers and periodicals are provided, and also various means of amusement. All these

benefits are offered freely to deaf-mutes of every creed and class. It is just two years since Parafield Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes was opened. At that time the committee had no funds for stocking the farm, as the erection of the buildings absorbed the whole of the subscriptions. The receipt from the sale of farm produce have therefore been much less than they would have been had the farm been stocked when the home was first occupied. The manager has had to raise the live stock from small beginnings, and his patient and persevering labors are now being rewarded. The matron manages the poultry with the help of her deaf-mute women. She has two incubators working, and hopes to raise 500 head of poultry this season.

"The buildings at Parafield, which were in course of erection at the end of the last financial year, have been completed and paid for, the cost being £438 8-4. They comprise a kitchen, laundry, store, dairy, cellar, and cow shed. There are at present 16 inmates in Parafield Home, and there is room for only one more. The committee will therefore have to consider the erection of another cottage at an early date. The deaf-mutes have worked well on the farm during the year, and all the domestic work of the Home is done by the deaf women, there are no hearing servants in the house. The committee desire to record their thanks to the citizens' committee in connection with the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall for donations of £20 and £10 for the Wright-street Institute and Parafield Home respectively. A fine billiard table was purchased with this money

for the institute, and a horse for the farm. The committee are pleased to be able to report that the condition of the adult deaf and dumb of South Australia has greatly improved, and they would again impress upon the public that there is no need for any deaf mute to be out of work, as provision is made for all such at Parafield. While a good deal has been accomplished by the society, much remains to be done. Another cottage, at a cost of about £500, is needed at Parafield. So far no provision is made for the physical training of the deaf at Wright-street, and the committee would like to fit up a gymnasium for the young men, but there are no funds for this purpose. The deaf and dumb are shut out from the usual means of mental and moral improvement. They are unable to take part in the public worship of the churches. Ministers of religion are unable to comfort them in sickness, or give them spiritual advice. They have great difficulty in obtaining employment. All their wants are met by this society, and the aged and infirm amongst them are tenderly cared for. The committee therefore confidently solicit the sympathy and help of those who enjoy the precious gifts of hearing and speech. The committee feel that they cannot close this report without once more acknowledging the faithful services of the officers and collectors. Mr. Salas has always done his best for the mission, and the committee are fortunate in having the affairs of Parafield in the hands of such kind and capable officers as Mr. and Mrs. Cox."

*Silent Worker Eng.*

The Parafield Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, South Australia.



Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

## AN IDEAL CHARACTER.

THE educated and the sociable among the Deaf are always generously and fraternally interested in a bright and charming addition to their circle. If I were not sure of this, this article would not have been.

I would that I might give you her name without being thought guilty of advertising the person. Why in reason do we chronicle the virtues of the dead and not that of the interesting living characters who are not famous?

The subject of my sketch was born among the Hoosier Hills. On her father's side she came from a long line of literature-loving ancestors, Huguenots who fled to this country during the French Revolution. Was it to be wondered then that her father brought her up on Emerson as he did? Why, if it could be proved that it was the study of Emerson which had made Andery what she is every child should be brought up on the same diet. Andery came into this world in full possession of her senses; it was not till she was finishing her course at her Grammar School that her hearing began to fail. She had never been ill, doctors were puzzled, but they experimented on her, with the result that they got her money and Andery kept her deafness. But this loss has apparently not caused a cloud to hover over her naturally sunny nature. She has created her own world. The friends of her childhood and of that period before she became *totally* deaf still come to her, hoping to lure her out again to the world's pleasures in which she held a large share so long as an iota of hearing remained. But Andery shakes her beautiful head, and tells them that she is very happy, indeed, just as she is, that her books, her art, and the sight of the dear Hoosier Hills is happiness enough—she does not crave the uncertain pleasures of a social life, but she is always glad to entertain her friends; but as she said to me once, she'd rather they came prepared with something worth saying. She told me this with such a quizzical look upon her beautiful face that I laughed instead of looking serious as she must have wished me to do.

I met Andery last summer for the first time since she became deaf. I had known her when she was a hearing child—I was deaf at that time. My aunt took me to call upon her a few days after my arrival. Andery lived only a few doors from me.

When we met we felt like old friends at once, and our fingers were busy flying over all sorts of subjects metaphorically speaking.

I talked to her as I never before felt like speaking to any previous friends, I poured out all my heart's treasure at her feet and Andery reciprocated so richly that I felt as though it were I who had found the holy Grail and not Launcelot.

Day after day during my visit found me a humble disciple at Andery's knees. Day after day when I returned home, I returned more impressed with her goodness, her cleverness and her infinite charity and faith.

She was good, in that she was happy to do that which lay nearest to her and to do it well. Clever, in that she never read any book but that which was worth reading, then only to make a study of it, charitable towards every one, in that she insisted in magnifying their good traits and appearing profoundly ignorant that there were any others to possess.

Her faith was great in that she believed everything that was, that is, or will be, destined for the good not ill of mankind. Andery has made good use of her literary mind. She has written a number of excellent short stories for various papers, a number of poems, and on poetical eulogy entitled "In Memoriam," which received much editorial comment because of its richness and deep feeling so exquisitely and musically expressed. Andery's paintings are eagerly sought after by her friends; they are decidedly clever and her painting of famous Indians are very popular. Andery is still writing, still painting and thinking; is it to be that the world will one day be the partaker of all her wonderful thoughts! Andery.

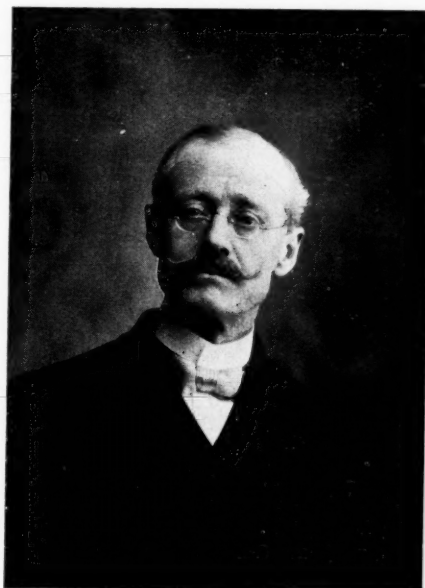
GRACE GILLETTE OKIE.

## Deaf Teachers of the Deaf.

JAMES CURTIS BALIS.

IN ORISKANY, N. Y., a little hamlet in the beautiful Mohawk Valley, James C. Balis was born. His mother was the daughter of Peter Jones, Esq., of Radnorshire, Wales, and Elizabeth Fuller of Mayflower lineage, while his father was descendant of the Cogswells, a name well-known in Connecticut.

In 1857, the family removed to Milwaukee, Wis., then a small city of 30,000 inhabitants. Mr. and Mrs. Balis being persons of fine education, James was taught at home by his mother until almost nine years of age. He then attended public school for a couple of years and later a private German school for three years. His father and himself were great friends and from him he learned much of geology, botany and science and became interested in classics and



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JAMES CURTIS BALIS.

languages at an early age, his father speaking German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Gaelic.

In 1863, his father died and this event compelled Mr. Balis to become a wage-earner.

In November, 1867, at the age of 17, he was seized by that most terrible of diseases, cerebrospinal-meningitis, and after a severe fight for life extending over six months he came out victorious but minus his hearing, and the beautiful voice of a singer.

Bread-winning had become a paramount object and he continued in that field until 1869, when a friend secured his admission to the Wisconsin School for the Deaf at Delavan, then under the principalship of E. C. Stone of venerated memory. From this school he graduated in a few months and entered the Advanced Preparatory class at Gallaudet College in the fall of 1870. He graduated from the college in 1875 with the degree of B.A.

The two years following he was private Secretary to President Gallaudet. He then became an instructor in the Maryland School for Colored Deaf and Blind children at Baltimore. Resigning, he was employed for a time as tutor by friends among the Xaverian Brothers of that city.

In the fall of 1880 he accepted a position in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, then located in Turtle Creek, Penn., near Pittsburgh. In 1886, Mr. Balis was married to Sylvia L. Chapin then a teacher in the same school, there they remained until 1890 when, having received very advantageous offers, they removed to Belleville, Ont., Canada, where both himself and wife are

at present engaged in the school for the deaf located there. Mr. Balis was Treasurer of the National Association of the Deaf, having been elected at the Convention held in Chicago in 1893, where he presented a paper at the World's Congress of Instructors of the Deaf as co-laborer with Mr. J. L. Smith of Minnesota.

Mr. Balis is a student and a great reader, books are to him of as great importance as food and clothing; his beautiful home abounds in books and reading matter of all descriptions, which he hoards as a miser does his gold. He is a fluent and ready writer, and his articles have frequently been copied most extensively. He is also a most interesting conversationalist, quick at repartee, and endowed with a strong vein of humor. Mr. Balis is a thoroughly domestic man, one to whom home is everything, though by no means inclined to be a recluse from society, and he numbers among his friends many learned and noted persons. He long ago became reconciled to his deprivation as he has so well expressed in a poem written some year ago.

"There's now nought of regret, of despair, of repining.  
The cloud-rock has rolled, lo, the silvery lining!  
And the fiat which fell, as of doom, on my soul,  
Now hailed as a boon, while the years o'er me roll;  
And, tho' deaf to the wearying tumults of Earth,  
Through the eye, I drink in, all to know, 'tis of worth.

Like so many of the persons who have lost their hearing by disease, Mr. Balis is small of stature. With loss of hearing came defective eyesight and he wears spectacles constantly. A little girl who had remarked this peculiarity (to her) innocently enquired of him if they grew on his nose. Fond of travel, and believing it as much a means of education as reading, himself and wife are familiar with a large portion of their own country. He is considered an authority upon the language of signs of which he has made a systematic study; and is a most graceful user of them, and is frequently called upon to recite in public and in private.

His memory of music is so perfect that he keeps perfect time with vocal and instrumental music when he recites songs or hymns. Among the deaf he is in great demand as a lecturer; his ability to impersonate different persons in pantomime, keeping the close attention and unflagging interest of his audiences; his reading leaving him never at a loss for an illustration or anecdote, to make his meaning clear to his auditors.

Unlike so many deaf people, Mr. Balis has a perfect control of his voice. His power over it is frequently the means of considerable amusement as he can range from the shrill cracked voice of old age to the deep bass of the man of aldermanic proportions.—Reprinted from the Alabama Messenger.

The *Silent Worker*, published monthly from September to June inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, in the interests of the deaf, is a very interesting periodical and gives such an idea of the ability, push and accomplishments of those thus deprived, that it almost seems as if this handicap had been a blessing instead of a bane. We find among them *College Professors, scientists, inventors, keen business men and women, artists and others filling numberless callings in life not only ably, but with an all roundness that is truly surprising.*

The May number has, among many excellent articles, an account of Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., which is very interesting. Presentation Day is the day on which the President of the College presents to the Board of Directors and the Faculty the members of the Senior Class who are candidates for Degrees. The conferring of degrees is in June. Among the speakers on Presentation Day this year was Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister. His address was interesting and wittily keen. Among other good things he told a Chinese story whose conclusion might settle the far-famed mother-in-law question. The end was this: "To be a good father-in-law and mother-in-law it is necessary to be deaf and dumb."

The monthly coming of this pleasant visitor has given a new idea of the great work being done for this class, and its success has created a new sympathy and a stronger belief in the old adage "Where there is a will there is a way."—Tenafly (N. J.) Record, June 14, 1901.

## From The Troy Letter Box.

**B**EFORE proceeding to write this article, I wish to say that the "intelligent typo" got my last article badly mixed up. Here are some of the egregious mistakes:

INCORRECT.

CORRECT.

Lars Wilson	Lars Nilson
My memory is poor for date	My memory is poor for dates.
A lunatic of wild sort	A lunatic of mild sort
Each delays strove to	Each always * * * * *
outdoor the other	

Apropos of Thanksgiving day last, it was a grand gala day for the deaf residents of Troy, because of the fact that they welcomed the visit of the famous "Silent Five" basket ball team of New York city, who played against the local team known as the Lyceum, that evening. The game was replete with interest and excitement from start to finish, but the Mutes gracefully acknowledged their defeat to the superior prowess of the Trojan athletes, as the score indicated twenty-two to ten. The line-up of the Silent Five was represented by McVea, r.f.; Dyer, l.f.; Ryan, centre; Reiff, r.g.; Kidney, l.g. The best playing was done by Ryan, who was a tower of strength for the New Yorkers. McVea, Dyer and the rest also excelled. Clarence A. Boxley was one of the timekeepers, on New York's side. The Troy paper says: "The Deaf-Mutes are considered one of the best teams in the state, and the victory of the Lyceum reflects great credit upon the ability of that team."

George P. Kihm, who played with the Troy Club for the last two seasons, is playing in the California League during the winter season. The *Sacramento Express* contained the following reference to the popular player which will be of interest to Trojans:

Kihm, the talented deaf and dumb first baseman of the Los Angeles Club, had a kick coming in yesterday's game, and his methods of expressing it brought vividly to mind the old axiom: "Actions speak louder than words." Kihm had lined out a three-base hit into right field, and was standing on third base patiently awaiting a chance to bring it home. He thought it had come, when Sullivan threw the ball to Courtney as Hall was stealing second base. Courtney, however, made no attempt to stop Hall, but returned the ball to Sullivan, who placed it on Kihm as he slid into the plate. Kihm came out of the cloud of dust he had kicked up with his heels, exultantly, laboring under the impression that he was safe, but when he caught the umpire's signal that he was out, he said, "Holy Moses," or some other old thing, and he expressed it in a pantomime that was so expressive there could be no mistake as to its meaning. He sprang up in the atmosphere, flung his hat on the ground, slung his arms to the four points of the compass, and all at the same time, and wound up with a silent whoop of absolute disgust that could be heard—as far as the eye could reach. Then he assumed a seat on the bench and threw reproachful glances at Harper that were so pungent they could almost be felt.

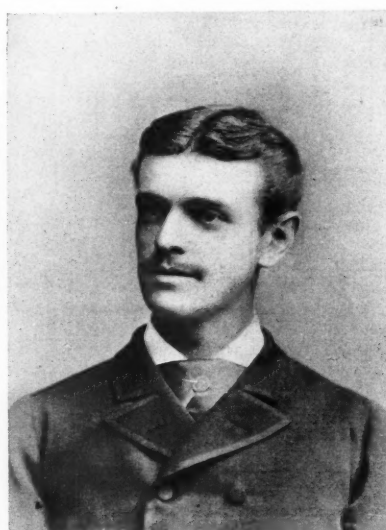
The Trojan management are bewailing the anticipated loss of their star first baseman, who is reported to have signed a contract for next season with the Los Angeles Club. The Albany N. Y. correspondent for the *Sporting News* speaks of him:

California is God's country, and an eight-month contract certainly has its attractions, but to a player of Kihm's ability, service in the California League savors much of premature burial.

Despite the above prophecy, I, for one, hope he will yet be heard from, as I believe in his destiny. If it were not for an injury last summer, he would have long before played with the Boston (N. L.) team. It happened that Cooley got the job which Kihm was unfortunately prevented from accepting by his broken finger.

According to the local newspapers, Lester Rosson, now a student at Gallaudet College, is reserved to play with the Albany team for next season. Well, Lester, come by all means, for there are good opportunities to be offered, as your position on the Albany team is next door to the New York team, whence Luther Taylor made his fame. Now, chap, don't lose your chance.

I see by the papers that there was a tempest in a teapot at the Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago. A great how-de-do was made among its white members over the question of admitting a colored deaf-mute into the membership. If the Chicago correspondent wishes to ask for my opinion on this subject, I will say that I do not draw the line at the people of color, *provided* they are well polished by the finishing touches of a good schooling and breeding. If they have these accomplishments, they should not be trampled upon. As for that friend referred to, he is entitled to



JOHN GORDON SAXTON.

the full privilege of an American citizenship, and should be accordingly treated with, regardless of color. For instance, Booker Washington, Frederick Douglas and B. K. Bruce are excellent products of American civilization.

The following is from the New York *Sun* of November, 19th ult., and refers to a picture on exhibition at the Art Club, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Once more John G. Saxton proves in "Leaving the Fold" the honesty of his research and method, producing a picture full of strength and impregnated with quite an elevation of feeling. How grateful one is for such evidence, none too frequent in our exhibitions, of a really high purpose in the painter.

It is a matter of great pleasure to recall the fact that Mr. Saxton was a former Trojan, whose successful career has been watched by his numerous friends with great pride. After five years' study in France, he has taken up his residence in New York city and is devoting his life to art painting. Speaking of his schooldays, he attended the Hartford, Conn., school, and afterwards entered Gallaudet College, where he graduated with the class of '82.

Here is a clipping from the pen of J. H. K., the college correspondent for the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*:

Gymnasium instructor Adams, M.A., organized the gymnasium classes Friday afternoon. This has brought about the general overhauling of gymnasium suits long packed away in camphor. We have discovered many places requiring darning, and as the co-eds are always unwilling, we

poor men have been stabbing our thumbs with three-inch needles and uttering shocking adjectives.

I would like to know if those suits referred to in the above are the same kind of wear as previously used in many years, to wit:—tight-fitting blue colored jersey shirts and breeches and stockings. Are they not? Say, students, how much does your whole outfit cost? In my time, I bought one which blew in my \$10. bill, and looked upon this transaction with suspicion, as I thought the price was too steep. The suits worn in my time presented a shocking appearance and would do well for bathing purposes. They give one the feeling of the "blues", or make his body blue with the chilliness. They fit the body like a glove, giving it an outline of beauty and grace (?) Instead, a pair of gray flannel trousers and a sleeveless shirt would be proper to wear. As J. H. K. says, "the co-eds are always unwilling," I declare they are right in refusing to lower themselves from their dignified position to do the menial work of darning those horrid moth-bitten jerseys.

The *New York Sporting Life*, in personal items, says "Unlike Billy Hoy, Taylor is unable to utter any other word than a grunt." Oh, I didn't know Billy could talk, but to the best of my knowledge, he can't—neither can Taylor, and, in fact, they are two of the same kind, though, despite their infirmities, they are above the average in intelligence.

It takes three different newspaper editors to enjoy the joke over "a quiet wedding" in the following editorial remarks:

A "quiet wedding," of which we read so much, has really taken place at Lockport. The contracting parties were deaf-mutes.—*Troy Press*.

By the way, who were the groom and the bride?

Wonder if the minister who performed the ceremony refused the customary fee through fear that he might be accused of receiving hush money.—*Albany Knickerbocker*.

Was "hush money" paid?

And their's is unspeakable bliss without alloy, except that the little bride can never have the last word.—*Lockport Union Sun*.

Bad for the bride.

In his correspondence from Southern California to the *SILENT WORKER*, Henry D. Reaves quotes the following lines from Mrs. W. E. Dean:

"O Lord! when shall I see my dear aged mother once more and revisit the scenes of my childhood."

I believe the scenes of her childhood are situated in Troy, N. Y., where she used to live many years ago, then a beautiful rosebud of gentle maidenhood under the name of Ella D. Clapp. As for myself I have a plain recollection of having learned my first alphabet from her educated fingers when she placed me on her lap at the bible class meeting. Dear Mrs. Dean, do you remember that brown-eyed boy? And why don't you make your long forgotten friends a visit at your native home? If you will, you shall be assured a cordial welcome.

Ten millions for a National University for higher education at Washington! What an enormous gift from Andrew Carnegie, the greatest living benefactor to the cause of learning. Its doors will be open only to those who desire to take up a post graduate course. Here is a good tip to the ambitious students of Gallaudet College.

With the advent of Christmas, accept the greetings of yours cordially.

CLARENCE A. BOXLEY.

TROY, N. Y.



## Gallaudet College,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WITH four victories, two ties, and two defeats, to their credit the Gallaudet Grid-iron warriors wound up the season on Thanksgiving day, thus making this one of the greatest years for Gallaudet in that sport. The first game was a defeat—Carlisle Indians, 19, Gallaudet 6. Next, Villa Nova 0, Gallaudet 12. Then followed:—W. Md. College 0, Gallaudet 11. John Hopkins University 0, Gallaudet 12. Univ. of Va. 24, Gallaudet 0. St. Johns College 6, Gallaudet 6. Georgetown University 6, Gallaudet 18, and lastly, Baltimore Medical College 0, Gallaudet 0. The Reserves have also made a fine record this season. The Varsity was photographed by Prince and a cut will appear in the December issue of the *Buff & Blue*.



GALLAUDET FOOT-BALL TEAM.

The accompanying photograph is one of the few taken of the famous Gallaudet Foot-ball team and substitutes, together with Manager, Umpire, and trainer.

Dr. Gallaudet had the pleasure of showing his former colleague and co-worker, Dr. Wilkinson, Superintendent of the California School, around the Green, recently.

Prof. Hall opened the Faculty lecture season on the evening of November 19th, with a lecture on "Student Life at Harvard", and it was eminently enjoyed.

The same evening Mrs. and Miss Fay entertained the Senior class at their home. Games of various kinds were indulged in and a pleasant time was had by all.

The Literary Society has invited Mr. Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., to deliver a lecture during the Christmas vacation and he has accepted it. His subject will be "The Destruction and Decay of Rome."

The co-eds and young ladies of the Faculty Row have formed a new club which they style as, "The Sunshine Club". The object of the organization is to raise a fund and buy Christmas presents for the poor deaf children of Washington. They have made a lot of candy and disposed of it at a nice profit.

Many students found their way to Baltimore on Thanksgiving day to witness the game between Gallaudet and the Medical College. Some returned the same day, others remained over night to take in a lecture by Keiser, '05, at the Eutaw Mission for the Deaf. This was a great success as few can excell Keiser in delivering, and his subject was an interesting one, it being "A Comedy of Errors".

Hewetsom, '03, was in Philadelphia to witness the Army-Navy game.

Carpenter, '02, was in Virginia with his friend Norris, a former class-mate.

Wyand, '02, and Miller, '03, were the only students to spend the day hunting, they having gone to Maryland for the purpose. They succeeded in getting some game.

Just now every one is thinking his affliction a curse and is trying to get rid of it. Hoffmaster, I. C., who has only been growing deaf during the past few years underwent a surgical operation in Baltimore Saturday for catarrh. The surgeons think the operation will prove successful.

The "Akoulelion," and "Akouphone" has been in town for several days and was tested at College this afternoon. Some dozen or more students tried the instrument but the results were not very satisfactory. Those partially deaf could hear better with it than with the ordinary tube.

The Jollity Club gave Shakespear's "As You Like It" on Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving. This was a much better play than any given by that club in the past. A large audience

## DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

FATE has decreed that James P. Walsh shall go through life not only with ears deaf to the music of the world but with eyes blind even to the brightness of the sun.

Walsh is one of the twelve blind mutes in the United States, but his case is sadder and stranger than any of the others for with the majority of them they came into the world deprived of nature's gifts and never knew their benefits.

Until he was thirteen years of age Walsh was a healthy boy possessed of all his faculties. He never was sick a day in his life and his hearing and sight have left him without any warning of the calamity.

He was working at his home when a boy, thirteen years old helping in his boyish way a gang of laborers who were digging a cellar. At noon he went to the house and as dinner was not yet ready his mother asked him if he wanted some lunch. He replied that he did and she next asked him if he wanted bread and butter. But the question was never answered for at that minute his ears became dead to all the sounds of



THE RELAY TEAM.

witnessed it.

The Saturday Night Dramatic Club followed and pleasantly closed the Thanksgiving vacation by presenting "The White Statue." This was well presented to an audience that had no equal on record. An admission fee was charged for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Two other plays for the same purpose are to be given during the winter term.

The opening of Congress to day drew the usual large crowd to the Capitol. The Senior class were excused from one recitation that they might have an opportunity to witness the opening, but as persons holding tickets were the only ones to gain admittance few of them were able to find their Congressmen and secure tickets.

The Faculty has decided to hold the term examinations on December 18, 19, and 20th, instead of 19th, 20th, and 23rd, as scheduled. However, college will open on January 1st, and first recitations will be held on the 2nd, instead 3rd, thus adding two days to the vacation without loss to school work.

E. C. W.

Dec. 2, 1901.

M. Montillie, a French deaf-mutes sculptor, came to this country a little more than a year ago, and has since been engaged in works of art in this city, one of which is a group of heroic size, representing Adam and Eve being driven from the Garden of Eden, and which fronts the Manufactures buildings at the Pan-American Exposition. Last week he received a commission for work in connecting with the Exposition to be held in Charleston, S. C., next year, and has gone to that city to begin the work.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

life. Specialists from all parts of the country were appealed to, but none of them could restore the boy's hearing. He took a philosophical view of his strange affliction and became a member of Professor Lange's school for the deaf. In 1889 he graduated and as he had a desire for more knowledge he went to an institution at Washington City, where he took a post-graduate course.

After his return to the city he spent the greater part of his time reading.

He took a great interest in the national campaign and followed the issues closely. The day after McKinley's election he was reading the account in *The Courier* and after finishing laid down the paper and discovered that everything was gradually becoming dim to his vision. Two hours later the brightness of the sun had been shut forever from his sight.

Mr. Walsh still retains the power of speech but is constantly becoming less perfect and it is doubtless only a question of time until this sense also will be taken from him.

Professor Lange talks to the unfortunate man by allowing him to hold his hand while he spells out what he wishes to say in the sign-language.

Through Professor Lange he made the following statement for *The Courier* Monday:

"I take the best view possible of my condition. I know that I can never do anything or be anybody in the world, yet life is as sweet to me as it is to you and I have never yet wished that I might die. Sometimes I even fancy I am happy. I enjoy the society of those who can talk to me. I meet with some funny experiences in my blind rambles and I cannot say that life has lost all its charms or all its pleasures."

## The New Mexico School for the Deaf at Santa Fe.



A CLASS OF MR. LARSON'S INDIAN PUPILS, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

WE have received information from Mr. Lars M. Larson, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, that the school for the deaf of which he is superintendent and which is located in that city, has been closed since last July and will remain closed for two years or until after the next meeting of the territorial legislature which will be in 1903. There is now in process of erection, however, a new two-storied building, 90x15 feet, with an attic for chapel. This building will be paid for out of a new fund that has come from the sale of a part of the 50,000 acres of public land in that territory, donated the institution by Congress three years ago. The territory has never erected any building for the institution, but it purchased the two-storied building which has been in use, 31x46 feet in size, erected by Mr. Larson ten years ago. The school was closed last July because the last legislature failed to make any provision for its maintenance. "What led the school to lose the appropriation for its support was an odd fight made between the secretary of the board who was also the speaker of the House of Representatives, and the superintendent, Mr. Larson. A law allowing annual salaries to be paid to the trustees for their services as such officers and forbidding the employment of any deaf man as the head of the institution, was killed in the Senate, which body amended the bill by disallowing any com-

pensation whatever to the trustees and requiring the superintendent to be a deaf-mute. The amended bill was objected to in the house where the speaker had large influence. As a consequence of this trouble the school was not provided for and the appropriation of eleven thousand dollars for two years' support and maintenance, which the bill carried, was not made.

It looks as if this was an effort to get rid of Mr. Larson on account of his deafness, and the interests of the school were sacrificed because this could not be accomplished. Mr. Larson went west some ten or twelve years ago and established this school. He and his wife have labored hard and received little remuneration for their service. Had their time been spent in some other field they would now be better off financially. The board of trustees in their rules and regulations call the school an "Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb." An asylum is an institution for the protection and relief of destitute or feeble minded persons and in this enlightened age it is cruel to call an educational institution an asylum. Our schools for the deaf are not asylums in any sense of the word and it is an insult to call them such. We hope Mr. Larson will finally succeed in establishing this school on a firm basis and that he may receive the support and salary that his efforts deserve.—*Eva*.

### ✿ The Institution Paper. ✿

AT no time in the history of schools for the deaf has the institution paper attained so high a degree of excellence as at the present time.

From some of the poorest sheets have risen in their places unique and laudable examples of what the institution paper can be made.

Nearly every School for the Deaf has its paper. Some issued monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly. Each, no doubt, caters to its particular taste, and some, though there has been a marked improvement in the l. p. f., are squirming along without a mission.

In presenting this paper to-day, I wish to advance some ideas, as to what I believe is required to have an ideal paper. There is nothing so good that it cannot be improved.

Last summer I had the good fortune to be present at the Conference of Superintendents and Principals, which met in Talladega, Alabama. This subject of the school paper was brought up and discussed at the Conference. Some argued that to have an ideal school paper one of the teachers should be appointed as the editor and should receive a salary. He must be the man behind the gun, and no other. Such a paper I do not believe would reach the highest degree of excellence. A school paper conducted by only one of the teachers, even if there is a salary, is more than liable to become

narrow as far as its mission in this school is concerned. The pupils only get the selections and ideas of one person, if the paper is original.

Therefore I believe the only way or, at least,



W. A. CALDWELL AND HIS AUTOMOBILE.

one of the best ways to have an ideal school paper is one in which all the teachers connected with the school feel an interest in the paper to such an extent that they will willingly furnish specially prepared and carefully selected reading, such as can be intelligently read by the average deaf child. Every teacher ought to know what kind of material is best suited for the deaf child and they should furnish it for the school paper, whether they be paid for it or not, but because they feel it is one of their duties and a pleasure.

Teachers, especially in the schools for the deaf, are not measured by their ability, but by the interest they take in their children.

Teachers are not measured by doing what they are required to do by their superintendent, but by what they do after the five or six hours of teaching is done.

The Superintendent should be the editor in chief and should read all articles and see that they conform with the policy of the paper, and contain nothing calculated to create discord among the teachers in the school or stir up useless controversies and discussions among members of the profession. An ideal school paper should contain only original matter, except where something is copied and comments added, or some items of special interest to those connected with the school or members of the profession. If every teacher and officer, both in the intellectual and industrial departments would write something for each issue of the paper it would not be necessary to clip from other papers "just to fill up."

There would be a children's page with stories and illustrations that will please and interest the children. Stories for the smallest children are a splendid feature of the school paper. They not only entertain and amuse, but are an excellent means of cultivating the habit of reading among our pupils. Stories for a children's page require much thought if properly written with a view of instructing our young readers. In every school, however, can be found some one competent to write these stories. Short paragraphs from the different branches of the industrial department are very necessary in making up an ideal school paper. I believe these paragraphs should be written by the instructors in the department or by the pupils in their classes and grouped under a separate head. This would, I believe, create more interest.

Stories written by pupils should occasionally be printed. When a pupil writes a good story and sees it in print with his or her name signed to it, it will encourage him to write again, and such stories are a great help in making up an ideal school paper.

In conclusion I wish to say that in order to have an ideal school paper each teacher and officer connected with the school must take such an interest in the paper that they will gladly furnish such materials as will be read and enjoyed by our pupils. When this is done we will indeed have a paper that will well deserve the name "School Helper," for it will indeed be a paper that will help to educate our children during their stay in school.—*The School Helper*.

There is probably no class of persons, says the California News, who as a class have a greater respect for law than the deaf have, and the fact is we believe chiefly attributable to the regularity and routine of their school life, but whatever may be the cause, the fact cannot be questioned.

See editorial note for explanation of the accompanying picture of W. A. Caldwell and his automobile, the first man in the profession of educating the deaf to adopt the horseless wagon.



## The Kinetoscope

AND NEW YORK NOTES

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

IN a recent issue of the SILENT WORKER, in reference to a theatrical production about to be made, I stated that the author had written it about his talents in a certain direction. There was nothing to cause any feeling in the statement, for there is nothing wrong in such a proceeding, yet the young man to whom it had reference feels himself aggrieved because of the statement. Ninety-nine in a hundred would not take this view of the matter, and it only goes to show the result of putting on the wrong spectacles.

Another item referred to bicycle runs, and it was simply a plain statement of a fact, with nothing in it derogatory to any one, and yet people who thought themselves concerned felt that they had been insulted.

Another case of wrong spectacles.

It is to laugh?

Yonkers, a hustling little city that is practically a suburb of New York hasn't a large deaf population, but the few there are hustlers, and a result of what "get-to-gether" will do is shown in their affiliation with a local club and gradual progress till, on Dec. 4th, they gave a very creditable entertainment for their deaf and hearing friends which drew a large audience, and which helped their exchequer very materially.

The Pennsylvania Home is now something substantial. It's an assured fact, and the Committee are to be congratulated in having, after years of delay, successfully accomplished their aims. They have earned a brass tablet with the results of their labors suitably recorded thereon, and unless I am very much mistaken, they will not pay any attention to the critics who are condemning their work because they did not locate elsewhere. The thing to be expected now, if the rest of the work is to be accomplished, is that Pennsylvanians should pitch in and support the Home, and in that way show their loyalty to the three men they wisely selected to bring the long talked-of project to fruition.

The celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was held at St. Ann's Church, on Dec. 10th, and quite a large number witnessed the exercises. The announcements were most extraordinary, and many went out of curiosity to see what the result would be. The treat of the occasion was the oration by Miss Myra L. Barrager, a teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf, one of our most talented and cultured deaf women whose address was a marvel in clearness. I have been a spectator at many such affairs, and have seen most of our best sign-makers, but Miss Barrager outstripped them all. Though the address was almost exclusively in signs, there was not a break in the precision of the language, and every sentence was complete, and followed the exact language. The best tribute to Miss Barrager's effort would be in the statement that not one single word was lost to the auditor of average intelligence.

Messrs. T. F. Fox, E. A. Hodgson and W. G. Jones, each of whom are always called on for speeches annually, (though it is safe to say that none of them relish their occupation of the platform to the exclusion of others,) made remarks, and Messrs. F. Campbell and Moses Smith asked the presiding official for permission to speak, and were reluctantly permitted to do so, though both of the gentlemen had seen the "Founder" while they were pupils at the old Fifth Street School.

Dr. E. H. Currier of the New York Institution was unable to be present, but he contributed to the success of the affair by assenting to the presence of the five young girls who compose the Ins-

titution choir, and they gave two selections to the edification of all.

After the presiding official had announced the exercises closed, T. A. Froehlich asked for and obtained permission to speak, and he kindly told the audience some of the things they had just witnessed.

It will be seen that the affair was practically a New York Institution celebration, and those in charge, while they had a thousand deaf-mutes here in New York, practical beneficiaries of Gallaudet's great work, who are making their way in the world as a result of it, to those from, but did not do so, and have not done so. For some inscrutable reason speaking deaf people whose education's foundation was laid before they became deaf are chosen as speakers, and these are limited to those who draw salaries in a school for the deaf.

It is also worthy of comment that the two men who projected the affair, and who were most often in evidence on the platform are not only graduates of an oral school that ignores Gallaudet's great work, but they used the name of an association which is a legally and morally dead body.

The Union League's affair this year will combine all the novelty of a *Bal Masque*, and a banquet as well, and as Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, a veteran, is Chairman, assisted by a brilliant array of talent the success of the affair is a foregone conclusion. It will be held at Terrace Garden, one of the most accessible Halls in New York. All cars transfer to within a block of the hall, and the Third Ave. Elevated and surface systems are close by.

A few evenings ago I dropped in on a prominent Manager of a prominent theatre, and as usual, he carried on his end of the conversation by filling up the backs of envelopes, and sundry blank paper that he had in his several pockets. While we were talking another friend of mine, also a hearing man, came up and begun to speak to me by spelling, using the two-hand alphabet. The Manager looked at me for a moment, and then, using the single-hand alphabet, and using it remarkably well, asked me if I understood. Of course I told him I did, and asked him why he had never spelled to me before, and he answered innocently that he hadn't the faintest idea that I would understand. Another thing, he had not used the alphabet for twenty years. It was not an unusual experience, for I have been through it several times before. The gentleman I mention and myself once made a journey together, and the whole trip was a running conversation between us, during which he used up every telegraph blank in the sleeping car, and here, six years after I found, purely by accident, that he could talk to me in the next best way to oral speech.

Mr. Felix Simonson and Miss Elsie Blum were married on Nov. 28th, and a large gathering of friends of the couple enjoyed an evening of gastronomic and terpsichorean pleasure, besides witnessing the ceremony that made one of our most respected couples man and wife.

The honeymoon was spent at Old Point Comfort, Washington and Atlantic City, and the newly made man and wife are now domiciled in one of the new Apartment buildings on upper Madison Ave.

Miss Tillie Hericht, one of our most popular deaf women of the younger set, is now Mrs. Joseph Sonneborn. Mr. Sonneborn has been regarded as a hopeless bachelor, but it seems not so utterly hopeless. Miss Hericht is claimed both by New Yorkers and the people of Connecticut, having spent part of her life in each state, but in her return to New York as the wife of one of our prominent New Yorkers, her help at all the charitable and social affairs may be looked for once more.

Though Mr. Sonneborn is the son of a wealthy man, he is independent and a thorough worker, and a wood-turner of unusual ability. Mr. and Mrs. Sonneborn have joined the Harlem colony, and have fine apartments on 117th Street.

Messrs. Pach, LeClerc and Heyman are arranging for the Surds' Annual Watch night festival, which will be held, as of yore, at Mine Host Wendell's, at 181 St. and Amsterdam Ave., on New Years eve. This part of town is practically deserted, and the Surds have the entire hotel to themselves, for their "gambol." It's an occasion for many a merry quip and jest and foibles are neatly set off.

The Xavier Club had a very successful De l'Eppe celebration, and the members were entertained with bright speeches and a banquet. The principal speakers were James F. Donnelly, and John F. O'Brien, both leaders in all movements tending to improve the condition of the Deaf, and both well educated men who do honor to their *Alma Mater*, the New York Institution for the Deaf, and both shining examples of what the facilities of the Department for the Instruction of Practical Printing has been able to do for deaf boys.

The *Deaf Mutes' Register* details the unfortunate experiences that Mr. Lars M. Larson has had with the politicians of New Mexico. Every one is familiar with Mr. Larson's heroic struggles to found a school, and the usual result that comes therefrom: the ousting of the man, if he is deaf, that has laid the foundation and prospered the work in the face of great obstacles, has been Mr. Larson's lot. But he is not the kind of a man to be easily defeated, and its safe to say that he will stay right on the ground and fight for his rights.

A. L. PACH.

### WHAT PROCTOR IS DOING.

Plans of the New York Manager for the Immediate Future at the Seven Theatres on His Circuit.

Business at Proctor's theatres continues to increase as the season advances, and the crowds in attendance upon his refined entertainments are continually on the capacity order. Manager Proctor credits this condition of affairs directly to the liberal treatment and just criticism the press has bestowed upon his new style entertainments and up-to-date business methods.

The elasticity of his plans has been again demonstrated by the renewal of continuous performances at his Twenty-third Street Theatre, where high class vaudeville is the main feature of the weekly programmes. The Fifth Avenue retains the continuous performance plan, but the Stock Company appropriates a portion of the time with revivals of fine old comedies and comedy dramas.

The Stock also divides, with vaudeville possession of the Fifty-eighth Street and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatres. "Blue Jeans" is now a current magnet with the dramatic players, produced under the personal supervision of the author, Mr. Joseph Arthur. Mr. David Belasco's beautiful production of "Mme. Butterfly," with Mlle. Pilar Martin as Cho-Cho-San, is nearing the end of its highly successful tour of the Proctor Circuit and its last presentation in New York.

General Manager J. Austin Fynes is now devoting almost his entire attention to the completion of Proctor's Newark Theatre, which will be ready to open some time just preceding the holiday.

This playhouse has been rushed to completion with amazing rapidity, and gives promise of being the handsomest theatre in the Eastern States outside of New York City—certainly the handsomest in any town the size of Newark. Proctor's Theatres in Montreal and Albany are devoted exclusively to high class vaudeville, and the Newark Theatre, when completed, will be added to the list of Proctor theatres presenting straight variety. The Proctor Stock Co. will make occasional visits to the out-of-town theatres, but its field of labor will, for the most part, be confined to Proctor's four theatres in New York City.

Mr. W. A. Craig of Oakland says that he and his brothers have killed 1500 rattlesnakes. Most all of the serpents were killed in the mines in Nevada county, which had been their home for years.

# Silent Worker

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JOHN P. WALKER, M.A., Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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THE older we get the more we appreciate how much harder it is to build than to tear down.

THE view taken by the *Palmetto Leaf* that "intense holidays" are good for the pupils, will scarce be shared by all interested in school work.

THE nice things that parents think of Dr. Matthison fill a book, a copy of which is on our desk. Handsome as they are, we do not think there is a man or woman in the profession who would not endorse every one of them.

ALWAYS WITH US. THE work of a school for the deaf has no end, and the opportunity for the expenditure of both time and money in the doing of good in it is without limit; so that one engaged in the work need never go beyond its doors to find the best use for every penny one owns. We have, however, just found a most excellent chance to do a little outside. It was for the Salvation Army dinner across town, and we never took more real downright pleasure in a little pot contributed for any purpose than in the one contributed to this festal occasion. It is a meal the latch-string to which is out to every one, and scores of poor wayfarers who never know what a real home-like dinner is, at any other season of the year, come and are fed. If ever there was a chance for the philanthropic this is one, and our little folks in embracing it experienced all the delights of the "cheerful giver."

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM. THE CHRISTMAS that "comes but once a year" is again upon us, and it has been decided with us, to extend the usual holiday to those of our children desiring to go home. The opportunity has been taken advantage of by a large number and they have gone to that affectionate attention for the season, that only parental love affords. But the little coterie gathered

around the school fireside is not wasting any time in vain longings or idle regrets. They even think that they can hear as they listen to the hum of the tea-kettle as it steams and simmers on our hearthstone these nights a song quite as joyful as any that may be heard by those sitting next their very own. And why should they not? For the care and direction of this contingent, to each day, there has been assigned two members of the household who will constitute a Committee on Entertainment that will direct their amusements and see that a good time is theirs. A bright Christmas-tree, all the illuminated papers, a profusion of picture books, interesting games, and a pretty present for each insures an enjoyable time and, the whole period being under the direction of skilled instructors, guarantees profitable as well as pleasant hours. Just here, perhaps, we may venture a suggestion to parents and relatives prevented by circumstances from taking the child home. A little package containing a few dainties and a memento from home would add much to the brightness of the yule-log's glow, and would be a matter of so little expense as to be within the reach of all. The season is one at which we, one and all, have the opportunity of drawing close to us these little ones, of telling anew the "old, old story," and of giving them aspirations that shall elevate and ennoble them. Let us, at least, make joyful to them these commemorative days. There can be no greater happiness than to jewel with a joy some hour of child-life. Let us, none of us, fail to attain for ourselves this happiness, during these Christ-child natal days.

AS A MATTER of justice to Bro. Caldwell, though especially cautioned that it is not for publication, we take the liberty of submitting the following:

BERKELEY, CAL. NOV. 15, 1901.

MY DEAR WALKER:—The enclosed photo. (vide p. 54) is sent not for publication nor as a specimen of fine work in the photographic line (how can anybody take interest in photographs?). Neither is it sent as *conclusive* evidence. Your legal mind would at once begin to raise objections to any such argument if presented as *conclusive* proof. But when in addition I solemnly asseverate (or affirm) that I am the owner of an automobile, that said vehicle was paid for (in full) out of my earnings as a teacher, that I ride in said vehicle most of the time (when I am not at work and it is not in the repair-shop,) and that I usually find time to get out several times a week—on business connected with the Institution, of course,—then I trust that you may perhaps be moved to accept the inclosed as presenting an accurate view of the matter. If further evidence is desired I will forward to you, at your expense, a choice lot of nuts, bolts, and other hardware, together with one full set of tires that have accumulated on my hands during the past few months.

Yours as ever,  
WM. A. CALDWELL.

In the light of the above it only remains for us to recede from the position taken in a recent reference. Brother Caldwell's bare assertion to any effect is conclusive with us, but when it is supported by such evidence as that suggested why we simply feel that we did not know a thing. Our felicitations are yours, my dear fellow. You have however omitted all mention of a *chauffeur* and a *garçon*. Is it possible that you are without these worthies. If you are, by all means supply the deficit, for no high-toned auto. is complete without them. It is only when your rig has these additions, that we will be able to accept the invitation you will doubtless extend us to come on and take a run with you. Then we are yours for any distance.

FOR those of the deaf of Western Pennsylvania desiring to take up handicrafts not taught in their school at Edgewood Park, the new Polytechnic College so handsomely endowed by Mr. Carnegie will afford a splendid opportunity.

HERE's a merry, merry Christmas to all! To the rich, to the poor; to the old, to the young; to the halt, the lame, and the blind; to Wang Wen Shas and Wu Ting Fang; to Queen Wilhelmina and King Edward; to everybody high and low, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; but more especially to the deaf of New Jersey, our pupils and the alumni and all who are near to them. There's a little lot of people though for whom words are incommensurate to express our affection or to invoke the blessings they deserve for the good they have wrought to our school during the past year. They have rounded out the beneficence of our legislature and completed our provision. They have seen that every needed thing came to our children, and have extended a splendid library until it is almost magnificent. They have brought to our breakfast tables, in the daily newspapers, the latest news of the world. They have loaded our desks with picture papers and illustrated magazines that have been a perennial feast for our pupils, and have adorned our walls with master pieces of art. How can we thank them!

Santa Claus, we have the pleasure of introducing to you, as deserving of the best you have in your sack:—

MR. LOUIS HENNEMEIER.  
MR. F. J. EGGERT.  
MR. E. D. LEARY.  
MR. R. GUNNING.  
MR. THEO. MESSENGER.  
MR. CHAS. BOFFINGER.  
MR. CHAS. HAMILTON.  
MR. THOMAS LOGAN.  
MR. LORENZ HEUZER.  
MR. PATRICK BRADLEY.  
MR. B. CRESCENZO.  
MR. ISSAC JONES.  
MR. FREDERICK GRISLEY.  
MR. GEO. JACOBS.  
MR. ALBERT DEWITTE.  
MR. G. L. HETZEL.  
MR. R. W. BROWN.  
MR. FRANK REED.  
MR. A. SCHORENSTEIN.  
MR. JOHN DAUBNER.  
MR. S. A. TITUS.  
MR. S. CHRISTOFFER.  
MR. E. WESTWOOD.  
MR. E. DUNN.  
MR. T. CROWELL.  
MR. J. W. BBEMERMAN.  
MR. ED. KUENZLER.  
MR. GEO. APGAR.  
MR. SIMON ALEXANDER.  
MR. W. J. FOX.  
MR. JOHN WALSH.  
MISS REBCCA WAINWRIGHT.  
MRS. L. DABERKOW.  
MRS. ANNA HENRY.  
MRS. F. OLES.  
MRS. A. SHAW.  
MRS. B. COYNE.  
MRS. B. HESTER.  
MRS. M. STEIDLE.  
MRS. F. SPENCER.  
MRS. ABBIE HAVILAND, AND  
MRS. EDITH TOWNSEND.

We commend these to thee, Santa, as the worthiest of the worthy, and bespeak for them the happiest New Year that thou canst find when thou comest to open thy pack.



## School and City.

The pupils have been vaccinated.

Immediately following Thanksgiving regular work in the gymnasium commenced.

Julius Aaron has an aunt living in this city whom he delights in visiting occasionally.

Josie will take her prize doll home with her on Christmas. It will surprise her parents.

Effie Kraski and Lillie Gano have not come back yet.

Last fall Mary Lucy went to Mount Airy, Philadelphia. She will not come back to school here any more.

Miss Ellis, a former pupil, visited the girls on Thanksgiving day. She returned home after seeing the basketball game in our gymnasium.

We are glad to say that Wesley Breese, who has had the measles, is fully recovered and back to his studies again.

The Pea-nut parties on Saturday in the girls' play room, were very successful and all had a good time.

Mr. Carlson came to see his son David, on the 23d of November, and found him well. David was delighted to see him, also his brother John.

Charles Jones rode on his wheel from his home at Freehold to Trenton about two weeks ago Saturday.

The coldest weather of the season struck here Wednesday. It was accompanied by a slight fall of snow and it made the pupils shiver.

Mrs. Shaw came to see her daughter Lily and found her well. Lily was very glad to see her mother.

December has been a busy month for the boys in the printing office, because they wanted to get the paper all printed and mailed before Christmas.

On the 7th inst., Mr. Sharp accompanied some of the boys to Spring Lake where they had a fine time skating.

George Morris writes from Florence that he has secured a good paying place in a foundry there. We all hope he will be able to keep it.

Our first and second basketball teams will line up against the Model team on some Wednesday afternoon.

Almost all our pupils are going home for Christmas. Only a few of them will remain here. We hope they will have a merry time.

Katie Kimple, a former pupil, visited us a few days ago. She thought we had a very nice and pleasant school.

Florence Ellis, a former pupil, visited the school and was glad too see Mary Somers and her other friends.

Mr. Sharp brought a yellow Chrysanthemum to his school-room and took it as the text of a lesson for his class who are studying about plants.

Miss Vail, who was quite ill for several days early in the month, has entirely recovered and is again at her duties.

The Christmas vacation will extend from the 20th inst. till January 6th, a full two weeks. Those pupils who anticipate going home are accordingly jubilant.

The boys and girls are very much attracted by the Christmas display in the store windows, and some of them have already purchased Christmas presents.

Henry Hester, Otto Reinke, Louis Henemier, William Henry, Charles Quigley, and George

Penrose, got boxes from home on Thanksgiving day

Roy Townsend received a letter from Gaspare Azzaritti recently, saying that he will visit the school on Decoration Day. We hope to see him again.

The boys are in a state of excitement and impatience to go skating at Spring Lake. They filed their skates weeks ago, and are now waiting for frosty weather.

A few weeks ago, Julius Aaron got a photograph of his dozen puppies and a cat taken altogether. They look very pretty. Some of the puppies are black and some are white.

A little fellow was observed to say, the other day, "Oh, how hungry I am for presents." This seem to be a species of hunger that is shared by pretty much all his school-mates just at this time.

George, the youngest son of Prof. and R. B. Lloyd, took part in an entertainment given at Bethany's Presbyterian church, on the evening of Thursday the 12th inst.

James Hetzel will take James Carrigan home with him for Christmas. We think this is very kind of James and they will doubtless have a merry Christmas.

Carrie Christoffers and Minnie Walsh went home two weeks ago as their mothers were quite sick. We hope they will come back January 6th with good news.

Wallace Cook, a former pupil of this school, now working in the office of the *Seaside Torch* in Asbury Park, sends Mr. Porter, his old teacher in printing, occasional specimens of job work, which are very creditable.

Cornie Porter won the prize offered by the Hamilton School for selling the largest number of tickets in her class for their recent Fair. It is a pretty gold ring with pearl and garnet settings.

Clarence Spencer received a box after Thanksgiving Day. He is fond of eating the fruit and candies which he found in the box. He wrote to his mother and thanked her for her great kindness in sending it to him.

Last Saturday afternoon Mabel Snowden, Edna Von Wagoner and Josie Burke went up town. There they met their former teacher, Miss Olin, who came up from Philadelphia on a visit to friends.

Last Saturday Josie Burke received a postal card from her friend Sadie Daly who lives in Camden. She said that she was not well, but we hope she will soon be better and come back to school January 6th or 7th.

Mabel Snowden took her friend, Edna Wagoner, home Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Mabel's father found two pretty peacock feathers as he walked along the street. He gave one to Mabel and one to Edna.

Last summer Lillie Shaw went to the Castkill Mountains with her mother to visit a friend. They also visited Passaic Falls and Paterson. Lillie saw Rosa Schmidt, Gertrude Dahmer and Nellie Tracy. She was glad to see them again.

After a mysterious disappearance of several weeks' duration, George Morris turned up again soon after Thanksgiving disporting a Boulanger beard. He had been working on a farm near Rocky Hill.

Two or three of the boys, under Engineer McLaughlin's direction, have learned how to bank the fires and run the ten-horse power engine. They are: George Wainwright, Charles Schlipp and Roy Townsend.

Charles Schlipp got a very pleasant letter from David Powell, who says that he is working at Henson & Co., as a job press feeder. He is getting a good salary and is the sole support of an aged grandmother.

The pictures which Superintendent Walker

caused to be hung up on Thanksgiving day, are fine, and the hall and chapel look very attractive. We understand that more pictures will follow, frames for which are being made in the carpenter shop.

Messrs. Bowker and Bennison, who were thrown out of work on account of a disastrous fire last month, returned to work in less than two weeks, the company having made temporary arrangements for carrying on business while the factory is being rebuilt.

Grace Redman was among the visitors on Thanksgiving day. She works in a corset factory where her deaf sister Ruth is also employed. She was much pleased to note that her young brother was making rapid progress in the printing office.

The boys were encouraged by the sight of a little snow to believe that winter had come in earnest, but they were mistaken, for the atmosphere is more like that of a day in early fall. This is not the first time we have been disappointed by the weather signs.

Mrs. Throckmorton, of Mount Holly, recently came to see her son Walter and also her friend Harry Redman. These boys were much delighted to see her. May be both will go home with Mrs. T. for Christmas. We hope they will have a good time.

Mrs. Howells, formerly Miss Yard a nurse here, called to see friends in town on the 7th inst. She has a new folding camera and is learning to take pictures. She lives at Yardley, Pa., the proposed site for a National Military Park, which is only nine miles above Trenton.

Thanksgiving was made memorable by an unusually good dinner, consisting of turkey, pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce. Very few of the pupils went home, but a few of the parents came to see their children, bringing good things along. Among the fortunate pupils who received calls were Mary Sieben, Harry Redman and Muriel Gilmore.

On the sixteenth of November Roy Townsend got a big box, which contained a miniature yacht. It was presented to Roy by his father. Roy feels very proud of it, because his father made it for him. On Saturday he carried the yacht to Spring Lake, which is about three miles away, and there he let the yacht sail on the lake and it came back to him. Returning to school he placed the yacht in the care of the superintendent and it now adorns his office desk.

W. P. Blackwell, the father of Ella Blackwell and a prominent resident of Woodsville, was quite seriously injured on Monday afternoon Nov. 18, by a runaway horse. The animal took fright from an express train which came along just as Mr. Blackwell was crossing the railroad bridge near town. He was thrown out and dragged for a considerable distance before he could free himself. He was badly cut and bruised. The horse was stopped at Asa Leming's, near Glen Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lloyd entertained a party at their home on Thanksgiving evening. The feature of the evening was a Memory contest for a prize, which was carried off by Mr. Porter, who named twenty-six articles correctly after being given a minute's time to memorize them. Refreshments were served at ten. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and daughter Cornie and Mrs. Hawkins.

Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Maryland, addressed our pupils at nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. He said that the Deaf were fortunate because they could not hear all the wicked things said by people who could hear and speak; that the dumb were equally fortunate in that they could not repeat wicked thoughts. He said that more sins were committed by the use of the tongue than by any other means, and wound up with a story which he came across while touring in Switzerland. The Bishop is a fine looking old man with a kindly face.

## The Owl Column

### "Concentration and Correlation."

RECENTLY I ran across an interesting account of a talk given by Dr. Edward R. Shaw, Dean of the School of Pedagogy, in New York City. His theme was "Concentration and Correlation." Believing that many readers of the WORKER, and teachers of the Deaf in general, would find this new theory of teaching interesting and instructive, I append it. Dr. Shaw said in part:

I have studied this subject a long time, and I believe we have come through a good deal of fog. I have obtained a little light on the subject: and, being a philanthropist by profession, I must endeavor to give what light I have to others. The teachers throughout this country have been misled in a search for something they could not find, and something had its origin in the Herbartians at Jena. On the theory that distance lends enchantment to the view, I sent to Jena, and found the whole thing had been greatly overrated. Many of those who have come back to America have tried to advance a German idea of conception upon American schools. Now we have tried to Americanize these ideas.

The system begins with the circle of thought—that is, the mind of the child is led out in every avenue of thought. Our civilization demands of us to be able to apprehend a large number of things. Herbart maintained that the developing of that circle of thought required the entertaining of the mind of the child with many things in the school-room which would lead it out into different avenues of thought. The nervous mechanism of the child is to be trained so that when a thing is presented to him he is able to have a conception of it, the child being influenced by his environment.

It is maintained that there should be three branches of study for the child—humanistic, scientific and economic. A distinction has been made between formal studies and content studies, and this is the keynote of all the discussion that has taken place on this subject up to the present time. For instance, there may be content and formal reading. The writing and spelling are formal, and those things which these studies express are content. "That upon which it is fitting the mind should dwell" is the best definition we have of "content." We must have content underlying all that we do in teaching children. We want the child to have some real thing before him, so that his whole mind will be interested; the formal work will come from that.

In teaching spelling, writing and language, we must have content. We must get just as good results upon the formal side as ever, but the formal side is not to be presented first. The child becomes interested by dealing with real things, which give him content. Children may take up the study of the magnetic needle in the second year course; there we have content, and formal studies are to be derived from it.

We, as American teachers, have taken upon our hands a large amount of work, and a large amount of material must be invented for use in teaching. The matter of correlation is not a hard-and-fast thing. It is extending a living thing. And we must constantly go on in the psychology of the child's mind, so as to bring out of the self activity of the mind when it has once found an outlet. Then the whole question of method and education is solved.

The ultimate end is the training of the will. I am able to understand now what was meant by the phrase, "will willing will." We may have one will, but we may have a higher will that will control the other will. We must get the child into the field or ideal feeling. It is said that in man there is nothing great but mind, and in mind there is nothing great but will. The whole matter of education is the training of the will.

### Turning the Worm.

SOME of our papers take a delight in publishing the grammatical errors of some of the deaf, humorous and otherwise. But I believe these can be outdone by the following, taken from the New York Times Saturday Review of sometime ago. The items were originally taken from newspapers published abroad and there can be no doubt of their serious intentions:

"A lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."  
"Furnished apartments, suitable for a gentleman with folding doors."  
"Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."  
"Lost, a collie dog, by a man on Saturday answering to 'Jim' with a brass collar around his neck and muzzle."

## THE SILENT WORKER.

"Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

"A clerk wanted who can open oysters, and references."

"Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a clerk to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Lost, near High Gate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."

R. E. MAYNARD.

### "Scott," A Versatile And Faithful Dog.

"Farewell! farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast."

"He prayeth best who loved best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

ONE great law which prevails throughout the entire universe, is that all creation has its source in love, and every man and woman lives to love and be loved in return. The heart which lacks an object upon which to safely place its affections, is in a lamentable state of starvation and depression, but a remedy can be found in a form of idealistic happiness, which comes from loving man in the abstract, or in adoring nature, flowers, stars, animals and birds. But while such abstract consolation and delights can soothe, cheer, charm, inspire and instil composure, yet they do not always cease the longing for the peace of reciprocated love.

Certain animals, however, especially dogs, are capable of being patterns of companionship, of devotedness and fidelity to man, and there are persons, who, when all else failed, were saved from despair, by the love of a dog. There recurs the memory of a friend who knew very little of a mother's love, and after her untimely death, he as a child, was left without relatives and friends, and, consequently was subjected to many soul-harrowing, embittering experiences and cruelties, which would have speedily ruined his sensitively organized nature. And yet, though he has been through agonizing ordeals, he lives today, not a narrow-souled, bitter cynic, but a man of fine sympathies, a great over-flowing heart, a man who is truly beloved by all who know him. And considering the hardship of his early years, it is but natural that others should wonder what it was that saved him from himself, from sour pessimism. The explanation is found in the fact that he loved animals in his days of darkness, and this love for the lowly creatures restored his faith in human nature and led him on to heights of love.

Like the gentleman friend mentioned, I like animals, especially dogs and horses, and my love for them dates back to the day when I made the rueful discovery that "dolls were only saw-dust, and couldn't talk." For that reason, there was more pleasure in talking with "Prince," one of the horses, and in stealing rides on his back. Of dogs, I have had several, and the last canine love I had was a collie pup given to me as a Christmas present. The dog was named "McKinley," but strange to say, the pup paid no attention when called by that name, hence an editor-friend advised the name of "Scott". From the first, the dog took to his new name, probably on account of the explosive sound given in its pronunciation. Only a few days passed, and Scott proved himself the daintiest, truest, most clever and loving little pet I ever had. His adoration, his fidelity and his affection for me were well-nigh human. He believed wholly in me, and in my, at times, lonely life, his devotion went straight to my heart, and oh! how I loved the dear little dog!

During the first few weeks of his puppydom, he was given the freedom of my study. Here he would romp at will, or becoming tired, would go to sleep at my feet, or beg to be taken up. Whether it was hereditary, or due to his environment, I do not know, but the fact remains that Scott soon evinced a taste for literature, and the

most wonderful thing about it was, that he could tell just when I had written, or read enough for the day. If I did not then drop my pen, or book, and go out for a walk, Scott would grasp some precious manuscript in his teeth, and in a sportive mood, race over the house with it. Naturally, the effect of this was to make me leave my work in a hurry, and rush to the rescue of my manuscript, but I never got hold of it until the dog had led me on a race round and round the dining-room table, into all the rooms, up-stairs and down-stairs, and finally I would sink in an exhausted heap on the floor, when Scott would leap to my side and drop the manuscript in my lap. It was a clever ruse to make me take some needed exercise but at the same time Scott seemed to realize that I did not quite like his tricks, for he would instantly apologize dog-fashion by licking my hand, and fondling me.

At other times, when I was away from home, Scott would somehow find access to my books and industriously digest a good portion of their contents by chewing the corners! In this way, my much-prized German-American dictionary, came to be minus one corner of the cover, and other books retain traces of Scott's strong appetite for literature.

It was now high time to train Scott to usefulness in the right direction. The first duty he learned to perform was to wake me up regularly in the mornings. Few, if any girls, relish a sprinkling of cold water in the face by the paternal-familias, as an early morning call, and so, it was but to be expected that I should think of ways out of the difficulty. Necessity is the mother of invention. I found that the alarm clock, placed between the mattress and the bed's side-board near my pillow answered very well, as in the morning, when the clock bell rang out at a set hour, I could keenly feel the vibrations and was thus awakened. I congratulated myself; the cold water sprinkling in the face when one was sleeping, was a thing of the past which I hoped it would remain. But alas! the family objected to "the thunderous noise caused by the clock bell," and so as a last resort it occurred to me to train Scott to wake me up. As Scott was very receptive, and not only understood what I said, but was anxious to serve me, I experienced little difficulty in getting him into the habit of entering my room every morning at five o'clock. If the door of the room was slightly closed, he would push it open, and then tug at the bed-quilts, until I awakened and lifted him upon my pillow, when he would give me an affectionate, good-morning greeting, by thrusting his hairy head right against my face.

Before the advent of Scott I found it necessary when alone at home, to tack to the door a note requesting all callers to pound or knock until they received a response. This plan was a success in the case of the friendly visitor, and the ever welcome postman, but never where tramps were concerned. In the evenings I assured my friends of my presence at home, by placing my student-lamp at my study-window. But all this was found needless, when Scott learned to be ears for me, whenever the door-bell rang, or a knock was heard. On such occasions, the dog was punctually on hand to apprise me that there was some one at the door, and this he would do, by grasping the bottom of my skirt, and leading me to the door.

Again, if my mother was in the sitting-room, and I was somewhere in the attic, deep in the pleasures of a book, and she needed me, all the good soul had to do was to call Scott, and command him to bring me to her. Usually the dog secretly sympathized in my stolen literary pleasures, but he stood in awe of mother, and in obeying her, he emphasized that he found it well to agree with her whenever she thought that I "shamefully wasted my time in reading and writing and sewed no more than a man." Consequently, at mother's orders, the dog would hunt me up, and have a tug-of-war with my skirts, until I deemed it wise to leave my book, and allow myself to be taken to mother.

As the days went on, Scott's affection and obedience became more and more noted. He had a gentleness and trembling pity, and even made friends with the cat. No one could help liking Scott and when there was company, he was always asked for. Matrons, maids, bachelors and



children hugged and caressed Scott, though the sentiment expressed in, "love me, love my dog," was never the question at issue. Scott was liked for his own sake. As an instance of his fidelity, I have but to refer to the fact that whenever I came home from down town, Scott always met me with a lick of the hand, and he trembled all over with joy. As I ate my supper, he would jump on the nearest chair and watch me with a look of love. The meal over, he would follow me to my study, jump into my lap, and look at me in a way which made me believe he must have a soul. Such wisdom, such love, and such faithfulness as a dog's eye can give forth! Truly much of truth, of good can be learned even from a dog! In some unaccountable way, he understood my moods, and when I was blue, would make me forget my melancholy, by getting me to play with him. This led me to advise one of my deaf friends, (whose pessimism and melancholy are something sad to see), that an amiable, intelligent, devoted dog could cure her of it, if all else failed to brighten up her horizon. Once when I was sick, Scott refused to leave the darkened room, and unweariedly watched over me for hours. I could not read my books, but it did me untold good to feel Scott's head near my cheek. He was only a little dog with far more limitations than fall to the lot of man, but though Scott was only a canine, he could love greatly, aye, and far better than some people whom I know. It must have been some such love as this which prompted Holland to write of his dog:

"Ah! Blanco! did I worship God  
As truly as you worship me.  
Or follow where my Master trod  
With your humility.  
Did I sit fondly at His feet  
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine!"

Scott lived with me for many months, when one luckless day, I returned home to find him nowhere. I searched the entire neighborhood, I asked the ashman, in fact everybody I met, if they had seen a little dog, about so big,—they had not. For once I made friends with the policeman, and begged him to find my dog, which he promised to do, and he was as good as his word, for the next day Scott was found at the door. He was very dusty, showed signs of being roughly handled, was very hungry, but withal so glad to be home. My sister and I were happy over the recovery of Scott, but alas! two months later, saw Scott missed again. Emboldened by my loss, I appealed to the police force, I begged the genial postman to be on the outlook for Scott,—I did everything in my power, but all in vain, and at this date, I do not know what has become of my dog. I never pass a dog on the street, without a pang of pain at the recollection of my missing pet, and if I see a collie that looks very much like Scott, I stop and call, "Scott! Scott!", unmindful of the passers by, and receiving no response from the dog, I continue my way with a heavy heart and misty eyes.

HYPATIA BOYD.

#### DEAF MEN IN BUSINESS.

Articles of incorporation in the La Crosse Engraving company were filed Thursday with a capital stock of \$12,000. The incorporators of the industry are: A. J. Stevenson, F. E. Worsick, E. W. Von der Ohe and R. Wallace Williams.

Two members of the firm are deaf men. F. E. Worsick and R. Wallace Williams. Mr. Worsick was a pupil here from 1881 to 1886 when he moved with his parents to Dakota, attending the school for the deaf in that state for some time. He has distinguished himself as an engraver for some time, being identified with a leading La Crosse paper his work attracting wide attention.

Mr. Williams is a graduate of this school receiving his diploma in 1890. He is also a graduate of Gallaudet college, being a member of the class of '95. Last year he was a member of the Louisiana school for the deaf, but did not return this fall as he contemplated going into business. We wish both these young men abundant success in their new venture and trust their fond hopes may be more than realized.—*Wisconsin Times.*

### Brooklyn Borough, N. Y., Combined With Some News From Down South in Virginia.

ON the evening of Thursday, November 7th, the Brooklyn Guild held a meeting of importance relating to the reception to be tendered to the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, as well as appointing a committee on nominating candidates for its coming election of new officers.

As your scribe left for Harrisonburg, Va., a few days later, he was compelled to tender his resignation as Corresponding Secretary as well as chairman of the Finance Committee, which was accepted after some discussion, and both offices filled *pro tem*. A committee was also appointed on the annual Christmas entertainment.

A vote of thanks was tendered the departing Corresponding Secretary.

Dan Ward, your scribe and a hearing lumberman, arrived safe and sound in Harrisonburg, Va., on the evening of November 11th, after having had a stopover in Washington, D. C., for a couple of hours. They remained at Harrisonburg about two weeks, while the lumberman went up some twelve miles in the mountains to make arrangements for their reception.

Before leaving they had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Chas. Rigl, whose brother-in-law is Principal of the Arkansas School for the Deaf. Mr. Rigl's brother used to be a teacher there and married a semi-mute lady.

Harrisonburg, Va., has about 3500 inhabitants, a fine Court House built of stone somewhat resembling granite, some very fine stores, and a number of odd, quaint houses, the homes of the poorer classes of colored people.

What puzzles us is the fact that quite a number of the people can use the single-hand alphabet, but they know of no deaf-mute in the vicinity, and many of them had never seen a deaf-mute before. Some of them also understood a few signs, especially the mountaineers.

We have just ascertained that sometime ago a deaf-mute alphabet card peddler worked this town and reaped a rich harvest. As this was not to be our destination, we were awaiting the arrival of Sam, the lumberman, from the mountains.

Monday, November 18th, was Court Day in this town, and it was overcrowded all day with farmers from the surrounding country, and many country lasses. It was a novel sight to see both sexes attired in the back country garb.

We met a deaf-mute in the crowd by the name of Daniel Rohrer. He was up in the vicinity, and was educated in the Staunton, Va., Institution. He is married and lives on a farm now at Wetmer, Lancaster Co., Pa. He was on a visit to relatives out here and remained only a day or two.

The town of Harrisonburg, Va., lies in the Shenandoah valley, which is historic ground. Here many a hard fought battle took place during the Civil War between the North and South. In the far eastern distance grand and majestic loom up the Blue Ridge mountains, and in the west Alleghenies some seventy miles apart, the valley itself being some 1200 feet above the sea level. In summer the surrounding country must present a grand sight.

Though far from the City of Churches and the friends we love, we are kept posted on Brooklyn news by a special informant. We learn through him that on the evening of Wednesday, November 20th, the Guild rooms were filled with over two hundred persons, on the occasion of the reception tendered to the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet who made an interesting address which met with much applause.

Mrs. Ella Turner lead a bevy of young ladies in singing the hymn that our Martyred President loved, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which was beautifully delivered without a break. Miss Deborah Marshall gave a recitation, entitled "John Gilpin's Ride," which was mirth provoking. Her signs are perfection. Miss Marshall is a graduate of Gallaudet college.

Rev. Chamberlain made a few appropriate remarks. John Wilkinson, he of the fluent tongue, or rather the fluent tongue on the finger-tips, followed, and kept his audience entranced with his sayings. Again the same bevy of young ladies this time rendered the hymn "America"

in signs, so sweet, so beautifully, that all who understood it were charmed. The President then announced the entertainment at a close, and refreshments being ready all adjourned to the room below, where they were soon regaling themselves with sandwiches, hot coffee, etc., and a round of sociality.

It was with a feeling of sadness that we learned of the death of Thomas W. Brown. The writer knew him well for over twenty years. Poor Tom! He was a generous wholehearted man, and though he may have had his faults as well as we, his virtues were many in contrast. Often we knew him to give out of his own means to those in poorer circumstances; and he bore his misfortune bravely for he was lame as well as deaf, one of his lower limbs being much shorter than the other. On this account he was compelled to throw up a good position some years ago, that he held with Nicol the Tailor. He afterwards did all he could to make a respectable living for his family by acting as an advertising agent, but even this did not bring him in a good revenue, as he always made a liberal allowance to the societies in whose interests he got out a "Souvenir Journal." And this was only a season business too. We little dreamed when we saw him last that it was to meet no more.

The Brooklyn Guild has received a card from Mrs. William McKinley expressing her appreciation of the resolutions of sorrow sent to her by the Guild.

LEO GREIS.

HARRISONBURG, VA., Dec. 2, 1901.

### What Is In Name?

(Suggested by the Bookman, and also by the fact that the best of people relish a little nonsense once in a while.)

When does H. Humphrey Moore?  
When he meets our Douglas Tilden.  
What ailed dear Sylvia Chapin Balis?  
She let the printer, Wallace Cook.  
What makes James S. Cloud?  
To see A. R. Spear.  
When is it necessary that Alexander Lester Pach?  
After he scorches down the steep W. L. Hill.  
What makes dainty Cora E. Coe?  
When Frank B. Bangs.  
What cannot Austin Mann?  
The learned Thomas Francis Fox.  
Why did Mary Alice Carroll?  
To detain Rose Leigh Prager.  
What craves the heart of O. H. Regensburg?  
To see Faith, Hope and Pitti Sing.  
Where dwells the famed Edwin Allan Hodgson?  
Not very far from the picturesque Daisy M. Way.  
How is it possible to discover a fountain of youth?  
By inquiring of the oracle, Theophilus d'Estrella.  
Where will lonely Pat see Yetta Baggerman?  
In the beautiful G. W. Teegarden.  
What made J. Schuyler Long?  
He knew the L. W. Pound at the door.  
What will enhance the fame of Leo Greis?  
By joining an expedition which sails on a search for the North Pole on the N. Field Morrow.  
What is best when lost in Chicago?  
Go to C. C. Colby.  
What genius made Charles Reed?  
Warren Robinson.  
Who may call at the Cyrus Chambers?  
The dignified Abraham Lincoln Fecheimer.  
Why was it advised that one William Wade?  
Because the boat sprung a H. C. Leake.  
What awaits the brush of C. L. Washburn?  
The G. T. Schoolfield.  
Why is Robert H. King?  
To make John E. Crave.

HYPATIA BOYD.

In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house.—*Guy Mannering.*

## Bits of Science.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD, A.B.

### Gold Production.

During the year 1900, the United States produced \$118,435,562 in gold while the total output of all other countries was \$255,924,654. The output of the Transvaal mines was expected to be \$110,000,000, in 1900, but the war reduced it to \$7,250,000.

### An Elephant Plowing.

A farmer in West Virginia has an elephant to do his plowing. He finds that the animal eats little more than a horse and does many times the work and is gentle and docile, so that the owner is well pleased with the experiment. A small circus broke up near the farmer's place, and its property was sold at auction and the elephant was purchased at a moderate price.

### New Jersey's Backwoods.

There are parts of New Jersey within a very short distance of Philadelphia, too, which, strange as it may seem, are but little more known to-day than they were 200 years ago. In fact there are portions of the "Pine Barrens" which have never known the tread of a white man. It is this wilderness, right at our very doors, that a party of naturalists—Mr. Stone as chief and Messrs. Rehn and Coggins as assistants, are starting out to explore. Starting from Medford they make a circuitous route camping as best they can for seven nights and returning to Medford with their collections. In a certain sense of the word, this expedition is only preliminary to ones of a more extended nature which may follow. Work in this region must be done by small parties returning frequently to some base of supplies, as food is nearly unobtainable and transportation of heavy loads of specimens impossible. The expedition will make observation upon the soil and water supply and collect all manner of plants and animals, which will be turned over to eminent specialists for identification.

### An Egyptian Discovery.

A very interesting find was recently made by Doctors Grenfell and Hunt of the Egyptian Exploration Society among the ruins of an ancient Greek city about one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo. The place seems to have been made a sort of dumping ground for the refuse of registry offices and monastic cloisters. Among the litter were found fragments of the New Testament which appear to be part of a school boy's exercise in copying Greek. They seem to have been penned about A. D. 300 and show that the New Testament writings were then common literature, though the oldest manuscript we now possess is not earlier than the fourth century.

### Problem Unsolved.

The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has renewed its offer of the Boyden premium to "any resident of North America who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light, and other physical rays are or are not transmitted with the same velocity." The premium is \$1000, and any resident of North America, or of the West India Islands, is eligible to compete, the southern boundary of Mexico being considered as the southern limit of North America.

This problem is over forty years old and the advancement of science has been considerably changed. On March 23, 1859, Uriah A. Boyden, of Boston deposited with the Institute the sum of \$1000, to be awarded the person solving the problem as given above. Mr. Boyden, who was a member of the Franklin Institute at the time, designated Frederick Fraley as trustee of the fund. Since the first offer only five persons have tried to solve the problem, and all have failed. The last inquiry came from a Nebraska university. The \$1000 has grown to about three times that amount; there is no present prospect of a solution, and now, owing to Mr. Fraley's death, the appointment of a new trustee has become necessary.

When Mr. Boyden deposited the amount of the premium there were but two sorts of physical rays known, that is light and heat rays. Since then several others have been discovered, and now there are, besides heat and light rays, electro-magnetic, Roentgen, actinic and other rays. It is also believed that still other sorts of rays than those now known will be discovered before long.

It would seem, therefore, that the problem in the lapse of forty years had assumed a very different aspect from that it had when first stated. The Board of Managers of the Institute, however, has more specifically defined it, so as practically to leave it much as it was when first proposed.

### First Map With "America" on It.

Father Joseph Fischer, S. J., professor of geography and history in the Stella Matutina school at Felbkirch in the Vorarlberg discovered last July two large maps by Waldseemüller in the library of Prince Waldburg Wolfegg at Wolfegg Castle. Each map is in twenty-four large folio sheets. One is entitled, *Universalis Cosmographia secundum Ptolemaei traditionem et Americi Vespucii aliorumque lustrationes*. (Universal Cosmography according to Ptolemy's traditions and the journeys of Americus Vespucius and others.) The other is described as *Carta marina navigatoria, Portugallenses navigationes atque loci cogniti orbis terre marisque formam naturamque, situs et terminos nostris temporibus recognitos et ab antiquorum traditione differentes, etiam quorum vetusti non meminerunt auctores, hec generaliter indicat*. (This marine navigating chart indicates generally the navigations of the Portuguese, and the form and nature of the whole known globe of land and of sea, the places and boundaries discovered in our times and differing from the tradition of the ancients, likewise those which old authors forgot.)

In the *Cosmographia Universalis* we have, luckily, rediscovered Waldseemüller's map of the world of 1507, the existence of which at any time Nordenskjöld, even in his *Periplus*, denied emphatically. As it has, clearly marked, close to the tropic of Capricorn, the name America, which Waldseemüller, as is well-known, first proposed in honor of Americus Vespucius in 1507, this is evidently the oldest map that bears the name America.

The "Marine Chart" was published first in 1516 by Martinus Waldseemüller and is of general interest as it shows how Waldseemüller tried to undo the the injustice he had done to Columbus. For instance, on this map for "America" is substituted the name *Braisiasive Terra Papagalli* (the land of parrots).

### Antiquities Unearthed In Switzerland.

The excavations at Windisch, the old Roman colony of Vindonissa, in Canton Aargau, under the direction of the Swiss Archaeological Society, have led to the disinterment of large Roman villas and an amphitheatre, besides a large quantity of coins, pottery, bronze, and ironware. Some large silver vessels are said only to have their equals in the famous German treasure trove of Hildesheim brought to light in 1868.

### Palace of Nebuchadnezzar.

Dr. Koldevey, who is carrying on excavations at the supposed site of Nebuchadnezzar's palace in ancient Babylon, says he has discovered in the south quarter of the town a square court-yard surrounded by walls, the southern of which is a very fine piece of architecture.

The wall is faced with glazed tiles which seem to have wonderfully withstood the ravages of time, and are artistically ornamented with flowers and tracery; but many of the tiles have fallen out of their places to the ground, and they have had to be carefully pieced together. This has been successfully done and the result shows a beautiful design. The design is now on the way to Germany.

In the court-yard were also found several bricks, evidently part of a Mosaic pavement, the design of which was composed of enamels and glass-raised work, as well as coffins, coins, fragments of stone inscriptions, and a broad slab on which was a picture of the Babylonian idea of Hel!

Dr. Koldevey considers the recent finds as fully proving that this part of the city contained what was doubtless the finest of the Babylonian palaces, and consequently the palace of Nebuchadnezzar.

Meanwhile excavations are being carried on in the business quarter of Old Babylon, where in 1874 the entire business documents of the Babylonish firm "Egibi & Son"—possibly the oldest house of business "of which the world holds record," to use Tennyson's phrase—were dug out by Arabians. These documents—unpaid bills, day-books, ledgers, etc.—were made of hardened clay, and the wonder is that they had not crumbled away during the course of the centuries. In one case it is clear that the unpaid bills are now only of historic interest, for the Babylonian legal period for limitation must have long expired.

### The Panama Canal.

Mr. A. Foster, of New York, thus speaks of the appearance of the Panama canal which he visited not long ago:—"The train follows the course of the canal nearly across the isthmus. When we went over, work was at a stand-still. It was a heart-breaking sight to pass through the abandoned towns which marked the mile-stones from ocean to ocean, for we knew that the small houses which clustered along the line, even to the bricks of their foundations, the over-turned trains of cars, the miles and miles of tracks upon which the dredging cars had been operated, the great dredgers with their ghost-like arms, the derricks, the engines, the tons and tons of rail-road and other material piled up at the little stations, were all imported from other lands and at a frightful cost of effort and money.

"It was a scene of desolation and waste. The canal cut for miles out of Panama was like a great, wide, sinuous furrow ploughed up in the land. The thick, luxuriant tropical undergrowth of bushes, vines and trees had already begun to obliterate that which man has sought so determinedly to make.

"To my mind the ditch itself was somewhat disappointing, as it was not so wide nor so deep as I had expected to see it. The impression conveyed to me was that it seemed an almost superhuman task had been undertaken. There was not water in it on the Panama side, but at about seven or eight miles from Colon the canal proper was encountered, a narrow turbid stream in which we saw more dredges and scores of small, black steamboats of that pattern peculiar to the French design, all rotting at their moorings. It was this end of the canal that had been built mainly by American contractors, which accounts in all probability why it was so far toward completion. The feasibility of the completion of the canal is a matter of opinion, as is the desirability of one isthmian route over the other, but the picture of waste and loss can never be effaced from my mind."

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## All Sorts.

Mrs. Sarah H. Morse, widow of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, died in Berlin last week, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. She was a semi-mute, and was educated at the New York Institution when it was located at 50th Street.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The death of "Buffalo Jones" in Kansas last week calls to mind the picturesque names with which early settlers were adorned. In the early history of Texas a stranger named Smith made his appearance. He was quite deaf and was thus called "Deaf Smith." He gained considerable prominence and "Deaf Smith" county, Texas, is named for him.—*Lexington*.

It is a great honor to get into the Ecole de Beaux Arts at Paris, the Art School for the highest rank. Recently, about 150 foreign young art students applied for admission. In order to enter, they had to undergo a severe examination. Only fifteen succeeded, among whom was a deaf young man, ranking sixth. He is A. L. Fechheimer, an oral pupil, he being a graduate of the Clarke School at Northampton, Mass., the Cincinnati High School, and Columbia University of New York.—*Cal. News*.

Douglas Tilden does not go any more over to San Francisco to work. He not only has resigned his position at the Hopkins Art Institute but also has moved his studio to his Oakland home. In all this he is right for by this change he has found more energy to carry on his work and with less fatigue. His new studio is large and well lighted and its environments lends much to the artistic atmosphere. Tilden has plenty of work to do.—In fact he has received more orders to make monuments and statues than he can accept. He has selected two or three subjects to complete in as many years.—*Calif. News*.

Are you aware that there is an "alarm clock dog" in the world? The owner is deaf, and so are his wife and little son. They live on a farm in Ohio. The man has to be up at five o'clock every morning to get ready for work. For six years he has never been late. The dog is the means of a walking him. When he was a pup, the farmer trained him to get up when the alarm clock went off. It was slow work, but after fourteen months of patient endeavor the dog learned his part. At the first sound of the alarm, the dog gets up, rubs his eyes for a second, and then makes a dash for his master's sleeping room. One bound carries him to the bed, and he doesn't let go until his master gets up.—*California News*.

Our oil plant was ready for operations last week and the oil was turned on. The experiment as far as immediate results were concerned was a complete success. A white heat was speedily produced and the steam gauge indicated a rapid rise of steam. The oil has now been turned on several days and nights, and there is no doubt that the practical operation of the plant will prove in every way satisfactory. What the exact cost or the saving will be in the use of oil for fuel is yet a problem to be solved. Following is a comparative estimate, which we regard as conservative. The cost of our coal last year laid down at the institution was five dollars and fifty cents a ton. The average consumption per month was thirty-seven and a half tons, costing two hundred and six dollars and twenty-five cents a month or two thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars per annum.

Three and a half barrels of oil are estimated to equal a ton of coal. At fifty-seven cents a barrel, the price at which we get it under contract, the equivalent of a ton of coal would cost \$1.99½, resulting in a saving of \$3.50½ per ton, thus reducing the expense for fuel \$129.68¾ a month or \$1555.15 per annum.—*Lone Star Weekly*.

Now that McKinley is dead and his body has been consigned to a tomb the world is hastening to chronicle the deeds that made him the idol of the American people and admired in all the civilized world. President McKinley was always doing good things. With him man and woman were not valued according to their worldly wealth

or social standing. His heart beat for all. No more pretty illustration of this was ever presented than in this city soon after he was elected governor of Ohio.

A young woman was standing on the platform of the old union depot. She was not rich and she was a deaf-mute. By her side were a few of her relatives. She was waiting for a train to take her to Columbus where she was to enter one of state educational institutions. The train arrived and attached to it was a beautiful car. When the train was standing McKinley came from his private car. He asked the relatives of the deaf girl where she was going. They explained to him, and then it was that McKinley's noble life shown forth in all its beauty.

"I shall be pleased to look after this girl," said Mr. McKinley. In a few moments the deaf girl was seated with the future president and his wife in their special car. Mr. McKinley cared for her all the way to Columbus. But this was not all he did for her. When Columbus was reached he took her with himself and Mrs. McKinley to their home for supper. After supper he had her sent to her school in his private carriage. That deaf girl then lived in this city, but now she lives in Monon, Ind., where she is the wife of William Horner, a wealthy banker.—*Missouri Record*.

The Evansville day school that was closed last fall when Mr. Paul Lange who had been principal for several years past resigned to accept a place in the Wisconsin school, has been reopened with Mr. James E. Gallaher as principal. The school trustees of Evansville abolished the deaf department of the public school but the friends of the day school idea developed unexpected strength and have succeeded in raising a fund sufficient to carry on the school for the coming year. Those behind the movement expect to keep up the fight before the Legislature to have a State Institution established at Evansville. The selection of Mr. Gallaher as principal is an excellent one, for he is a capable and experienced teacher, having been connected with the Chicago day schools for many years. His daughter will have charge of the oral department.—*Kentucky Standard*.

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A. T. DeWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of the highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand result.

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Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heart burn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age, and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.

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MRS. MARY G. CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

MRS. J. BROOKMYRE.

My seven-year old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

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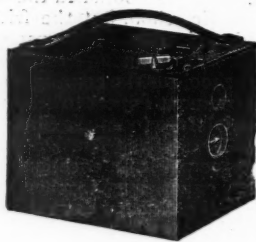
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